

No. 58



THE
ADMAN

N.

Adventure COMICS

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No.58



JAN.

Adventure COMICS

10¢

15¢ in Canada



BERNARD
BAILY

1994

W. J. L. N.

VE COMICS, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

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PRESENTING
"TICK-TOCK" TYLER
 (THE MAN OF THE HOUR)

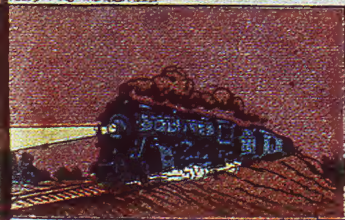
AS THE
HOUR-MAN

WITH THE
 MINUTE MEN OF AMERICA

BY
 BERNARD BAILY

REX TYLER, SUPPOSEDLY A MEAK AND MILD CHEMIST, IS REALLY THE **HOUR-MAN**, ARCH-ENEMY OF THE UNDERWORLD... WITH HIS MINUTE MEN OF AMERICA, THE **HOUR-MAN** IS WAGING UNCEASING WAR AGAINST ENEMIES OF HIS COUNTRY AND SOCIETY....

HEARING PAYROLLS OF TWO MACHINE WORKS, A RAILWAY TRAIN SPEEDS THRU THE NIGHT...



INSIDE THE
 BAGGAGE
 CAR...



ON THE DIMLY LIT STATION...





AS ROB TRIES TO GET AWAY...



THE CROOKS MAKE GOOD THEIR GETAWAY...



IN A SHORT WHILE, AGENTS OF THE F.B.I. APPEAR ON THE SCENE...



NEXT MORNING, REX TYLER (THE HOUR-MAN) DISCUSSES THE HOLD UP WITH HIS BOSS...



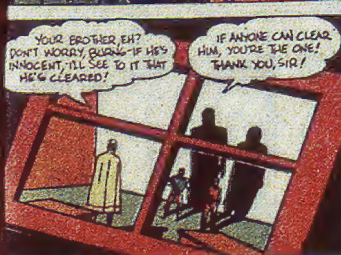
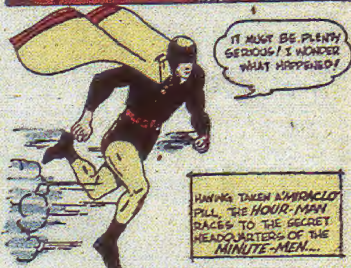
NEVER- THELESS! THIS WAS A WELL PLANNED JOB! EVEN THE F.B.I. IS STUMPED! AND THEY FOUND A BULLET FROM A FOREIGN GUN IN THE WOUNDED MAN'S ARM! A BRANNY GUY LIKE THE HOUR-MAN COULD EASILY HAVE PULLED THIS!



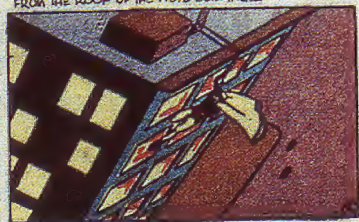
LATER,
MR. GIBB
HEADS FOR
HOME...

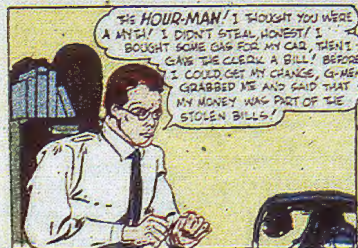
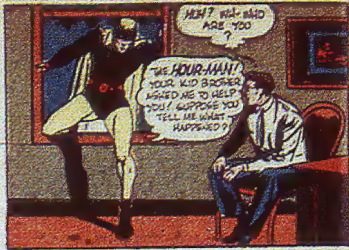


IN HIS ROOM, TYLER HEADS HIS TWO-WAY RADIO TRANSMITTER
GAINING...
GAINING...



TEN MINUTES LATER, A LITTLE FIGURE LETS HIMSELF DOWN
FROM THE ROOF OF THE F.B.I. BUILDING...





BEFORE THE HOUR-MAN CAN HIDE, TWO F.B.I. MEN ENTER THE ROOM



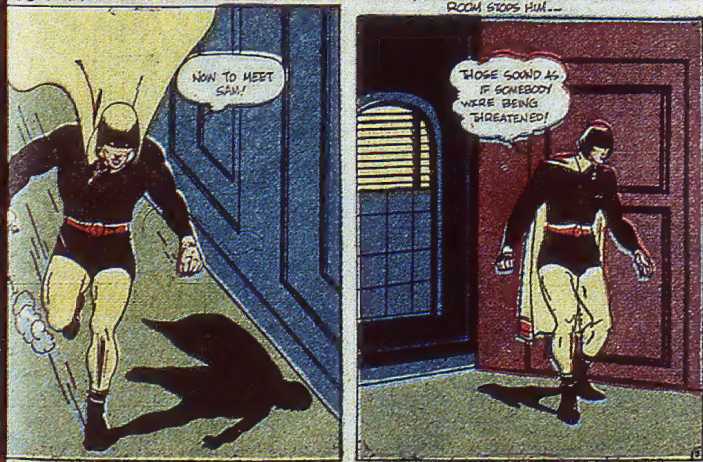
AS THE HOUR-MAN VANISHES OUT THE WINDOW...





HAVING LEARNED THE NUMBER OF SAM'S ROOM, THE HOUR-MAN HEADS FOR IT---

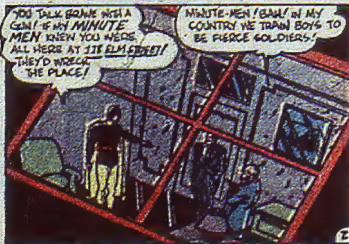
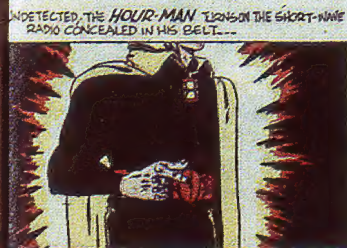
REACHING THE ROOM, THE HOUR-MAN IS ABOUT TO ENTER, WHEN THE SOUND OF VOICES FROM WITHIN THE ROOM STOPS HIM---







UNDETECTED,
THE
HOUR-MAN
OPENS THE
SAFE AND...



WHAT
THEY
HEARD...

AND
BACK IN
HEAD-
QUARTERS,
4



HEARD THAT?
HE'S A PRISONER!
COME ON THORNDYKE-
LETS GET THE
CAGES!

YES, SIR!
ONLY DON'T
CALL ME
THORNDYKE!



THE BOYS
STREAK
OUT...

COME ON! THOSE
KIDS ARE GOING
TO NEED HELP!

THE HOUR-MAN'S ROLE IS DETECTED....



HEY! BOB BURNS TOLD ME ABOUT
THOSE WHITE-MEN CARRYING POTTERS
SHOES. HAVE WE'VE BEEN
TO - NO THE BEANS!

WE'LL FIND
A WAY!



NOT JUST
YET, PAUL!

BUT
BEFORE
VILLER
CAN
FIRE...
4



COME ON,
NICK!

DON'T
HESITATE IN
SQUARING UP!



WHEN THEY REACH THE STREET...

LOOK! SOME
KIDS!

THEY'VE GONE
IN, BUT...
LET'S A COUPLE
OF THEM GO!



GIVE
IT TO
THEM!

OUCH!

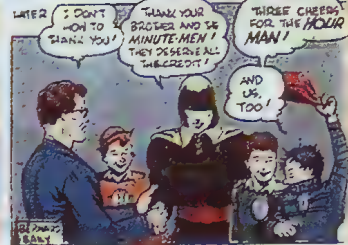
SURRENDER!
GIVE UP!
HELP!

SHOOO!
JUST WHEN
WE HAD
FUN!



LATER
IN
S.B.'S
HEAD-
QUARTERS
-
WHAT?

WE'D BE BACK HERE ARE YOUR SUBORDS
YOU'LL FIND ENOUGH EVIDENCE
ON THE R. PERSON TO
IN. THEN FOR A
LONG TIME!



LATER
I DON'T
WON TO
THANK YOU!

THANK YOUR
BROTHER AND THE
MINUTE-MEN!
THEY DESERVE ALL
THE CREDIT!

THREE CHEERS
FOR THE HOUR
MAN!

AND
US,
TOO!

BEHIND
THE
SCENE



ALMOST FLIES ITSELF

The huge ship shown here is typical of those now carrying passengers on the nation's principal airways. Equipped with a device called the Gyro Compass, it almost flies itself. Its two engines are so powerful that the ship can cruise at a speed of 190 miles per hour using only 62% of its power. To generate this power, or energy, the 2 engines burn about a gallon of motor fuel every 2 miles.



ENERGY FOR PLAY

When you feel tired after playing, eat a Butterfinger Bar.



ENERGY FOR WORK

Your brain uses energy just as your muscles do. When you find it hard to work or study, perhaps it is because you are hungry. Try a Butterfinger Bar.

HELP TO RELIEVE AFTERNOON "LETDOWN"



It's good to know that a Butterfinger Bar provides concentrated food-energy for that mid-afternoon "let-down." The secret is the Dextrose it contains.

RICH IN DEXTROSE

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

POWER TO GO PLACES!



The same thing that makes the airplane "go" also makes your body "go." Neither will work without ENERGY. The airplane gets its energy by burning motor fuel. Your body obtains its energy by burning food.

Every time you swing a bat or run—every time you move a muscle—your body uses energy. Unless this energy is promptly replaced you become tired.

That's why everyone who wants to be active finds a never-failing friend in Butterfinger, rich in Dextrose. It provides food-energy that helps relieve fatigue, when body sugar is low. And it tastes so good that it fully satisfies that natural craving for sweets. A big BAR and a big VALUE. Only 5 cents.

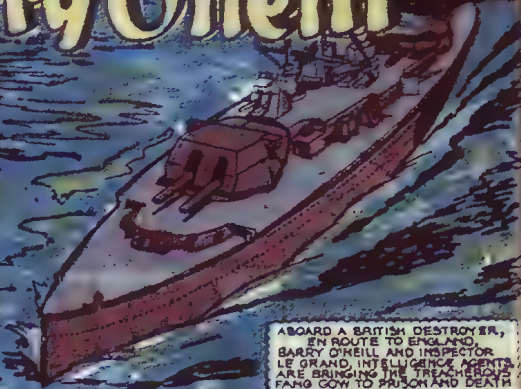
CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
EAT IT SOME EVERY DAY

Barry O'Neill

by *W. J.*



ABOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER,
EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND,
BARRY O'NEILL AND INSPECTOR
LE GRAND, INTELLIGENCE AGENTS,
ARE BRINGING THE TREACHEROUS
FANG GOW TO PRISON AND DEATH

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS, BUT I'VE
GOT A
FUNNY FEELING
ABOUT
FANG GOW!

NONSENSE, O'NEILL,
HE'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO BREAK
OUT OF THE
BRIG! I'VE A GUARD
POSTED
NIGHT AND DAY!



EVEN
AS THEY
TALK, THE WILY
ORIENTAL
IS
PLANNING
A
DARING
SCHEME,
WHEREBY HE
WILL
BE
ABLE TO
ESCAPE HIS
CAPTORS

IT'S DANGEROUS, BUT I MUST
DO IT! THIS ORIENTAL
DRUG IN MY RING WILL GIVE ME
THE SEMBLANCE OF
DEATH!
AND IF THEY BURY ME AT SEA,
THE WATER WILL REVIVE
ME!!



OKAY, PETERS,
I'LL HAVE A LOOK
AT THE
PRISONER, AND
THEN
RELIEVE YOU.

GOOD!
I CAN USE
SOME SLEEP, THIS
IS TIRESOME!



PETERS! CALL THE
INTELLIGENCE
MEN! CALL THE CAPTAIN!
THE ORIENTAL
HAS KILLED
HIMSELF!!





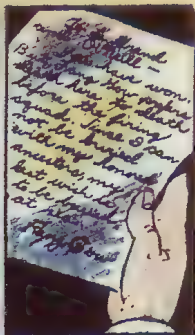
IT'S INCREDIBLE!
IMAGINE / FANG
SOW TAKING HIS
OWN LIFE!

MAYBE YOUR
HUNCH WAS
CORRECT
AFTER ALL,
BARRY!

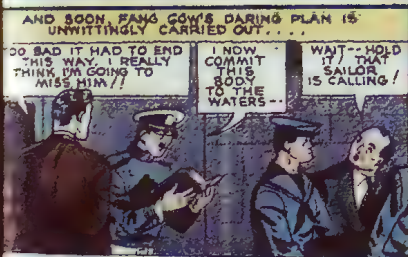


THIS IS THE
NOTE WE
FOUND, SIR!

HERE!
LET
ME SEE
THAT!



... I'll send
him to hell -
but I've won.
I'll have you
before you can
squad. I'll be
with you before
you can
anesthetize me,
but I'll be
at the
...
Fang Gow

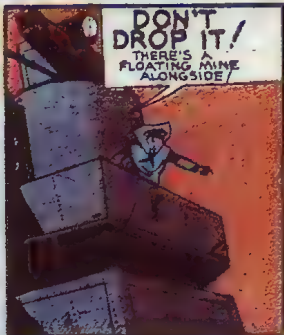


AND SOON, FANG GOW'S DARING PLAN IS
UNWITTINGLY CARRIED OUT...

SO BAD IT HAD TO END
THIS WAY. I REALLY
THINK I'M GOING TO
MISS HIM!!

I NOW
COMMIT
THIS
BODY
TO THE
WATERS--

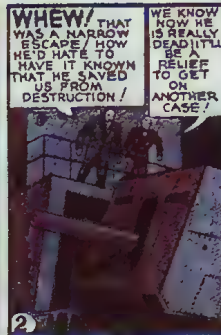
WAIT--HOLD
IT! THAT
SAILOR
IS CALLING!



DON'T
DROP IT!
THERE'S A
FLOATING MINE
ALONGSIDE!

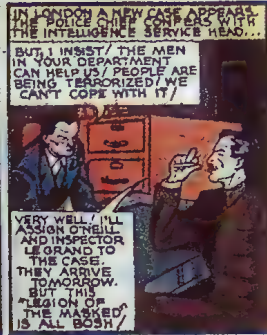


THE SAILOR'S WARNING
WAS RECEIVED TOO LATE!
THE CASKET HITS THE MINE.



WHEW! THAT
WAS A NARROW
ESCAPE! HOW
HE'D HATE TO
HAVE IT KNOWN
THAT HE SAVED
US FROM
DESTRUCTION!

WE KNOW
NOW HE
IS REALLY
DEAD! IT'LL
BE A
RELIEF
TO GET
ON
ANOTHER
CASE!



IN LONDON A NEW CASE APPEARS
THE POLICE CHIEF COOPERS WITH
THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE HEAD...

BUT I INSIST! THE MEN
IN YOUR DEPARTMENT
CAN HELP US! PEOPLE ARE
BEING TERRORIZED! WE
CAN'T COPE WITH IT!

VERY WELL, I'LL
ASSIGN O'NEILL
AND INSPECTOR
LE GRAND TO
THE CASE.
THEY ARRIVE
TOMORROW.
BUT THIS
"LEGION OF
THE MASKED"
IS ALL BOSH!

YOU'RE WRONG THERE, SIR / THE "LEGION OF THE MASKED" KNOWS OF EVERYTHING-- THE PRESENCE OF BURGLAR ALARMS, DETAILS OF PRIVATE LIVES, NO ONE WITH MONEY OR VALUABLES IS SAFE!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, BARRY AND LE GRAND PASS UP A STREET IN LONDON...

I'M WONDERING WHAT THE COMMISSIONER OF INTELLIGENCE WANTS. HE SEEMED VERY EXCITED WHEN HE PHONED.



PROBABLY WANTS US--
LOOK OUT!

QUICK.
TO THE ROOF/
THAT HEAVY
GARGOYLE
WAS PUSHED!

**WHAT
IS
THAT?**



UPON REACHING THE ROOF, BARRY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.....

LOOK! THE IRON RIVETS WERE EATEN BY ACID! SOMEONE EXPECTED US!

LOOK! A PIECE OF CLOTH!



PROBABLY USED TO APPLY THE ACID! I'LL HAVE IT ANALYZED WHEN WE REACH HEADQUARTERS LATER ON!

LOOK!
THAT DOOR JUST CLOSED! WE'RE TRAPPED UP HERE!



THAT IS VERY QUEER! I'M SURE I FIXED THE CATCH WHEN WE CAME UP!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO YELP FOR HELP!
HEY-BARRY! DUCK!



FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, LE GRAND HAD SEEN THE SUN GLINT ON A RIFLE BARREL! BULLETS WHIZ BY.

THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT DIRECTION! OVER THERE, DO YOU SEE?

I SEE HIM!
COME ON, LE GRAND! LET'S GO GET HIM!



RUNNING TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, BARRY AND LE GRAND FIND A SIX-FOOT CHASM FACING THEM.....

AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, WE'RE STUCK! WE'D BETTER DUCK AGAIN, OR--

STUCK, NOTHING! JUST WATCH! I'M GOING AFTER THAT FELLOW!



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP BARRY
CLEAR THE ROOF IN TIME
TO SEE THE MYSTERY-MAN
GOING DOWN A LADDER....



BARRY'S SHOT
FINDS ITS MARK



COME ON,
INSPECTOR!
WE'VE GOT TO
LOOK AT
THIS FELLOW.
I BELIEVE I
FINISHED HIM!

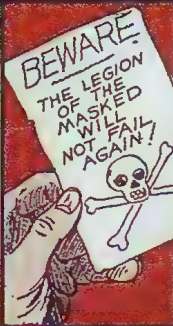
I--I--
I MADE
IT!
WHEW!



BUT--WHEN THEY REACH THE SPOT
WHERE THE BODY LAY, IT WAS GONE

GONE! BARRY,
ARE YOU SURE?

I KNOW I HIT
HIM! LOOK,
THERE'S
BLOOD--
BUT WHAT'S
THAT--A
CARD?



AT INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS
THEY'RE TOLD OF THE LEGION.

--AND WE DON'T
KNOW WHO THEY
ARE--THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER IS
ALMOST CRAZY
TRYING TO
FIND THEM. THAT
IS WHY I'VE
ASSIGNED YOU
TWO TO THE
CASE.

THE NEWS
THAT WE
HAD BEEN
ASSIGNED
MUST HAVE
LEAKED
OUT SOME
WAY. THAT
IS WHY WE
WERE SHOT
AT, NO
DOUBT !!



THIS CLOTH YOU GAVE
ME, SIR--IT'S RATHER
EXPENSIVE MATERIAL,
USED FOR DRAPES.
QUITE RARE--
COMBINATION OF
SILK AND METAL
THREADS.

RARE! WELL, THAT'S
NOT MUCH HELP IS IT?
GUESS I'LL GO SEE
THE CHIEF DOWN AT
SCOTLAND YARD.

YOU'RE APT
TO FIND HIM
A FEW DOORS
DOWN IN HIS
WIFE'S DRESS
SHOP.



BARRY O'NEILL AND INSPECTOR LEGRAND GO
TO MADAME POINCEAU'S DRESS SHOP. THERE
IS CONFUSION DUE TO A RECENT BURGLARY.

O'NEILL AND LEGRAND,
MY DEAR GENTLEMEN--
MY WIFE. POOR DEAR.
SHE WAS ROBBED
BY THE LEGION OF
THE MASKED
LAST NIGHT !!

YES, IT IS SO
TERRIBLE! THEY
BROKE IN, AND
STOLE MANY
VALUABLE FURS !!

OH, I'M SO
SORRY! SAY--
HOW DID YOU
HURT YOUR ARM?



SHE SPRAINED IT THIS MORNING. OH, HOW I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO WATCH THE CURRENCY TRANSFER!!

WHAT IS THIS TRANSFER

THEY ARE MOVING MONEY FROM THE BANK OF ENGLAND TO A SECRET VAULT.



AS THEY START, LE GRAND, WHO HAS BEEN ADMIRING A BEAUTIFUL MODEL, SLIPS--

OH / I'M SUCH A CLUMSY OX, BUT, SAY, ISN'T THAT GIRL A BEAUTY!

HERE, LE GRAND, LET ME HELP YOU!



AT THE COMMISSIONER'S REQUEST, BARRY AND LE GRAND AGREE TO DRIVE THE TRANSFER TRUCK..

THESE MEN WILL RIDE INSIDE THE TRUCK. THE ROUTE TO THE DEPOSITORY IS KNOWN ONLY TO YOU TWO. YOU HAVE THE MAP?

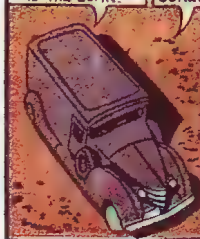
RIGHT / LET'S GO. MEN / HOP IN!



THE TRUCK RUMBLES UP THE NARROW, COBBLED BACK-STREETS.

YOU KNOW, BARRY, I THINK THIS LEGION OF THE MASKED IS THE BUNK!

I'M NOT SO SURE!



THE TWO SUPPOSED "POLICEMEN" SUDDENLY REVEAL THEMSELVES AS MEMBERS OF THE FEARED LEGION....

ALL RIGHT, O'NEILL-- YOU'LL STOP THE TRUCK!



NO SIR! NOT ON YOUR LIFE! GRAB HIM, LE GRAND!

IN THE MIDST OF THE FIGHT, A SECOND TRUCK RAMS INTO THEM....



QUICKLY! TRANSFER THE MONEY! THEN SET FIRE TO THE GOVERNMENT TRUCK AND BURN THOSE INTELLIGENCE MEN!



5

GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR SIR! AS YOU SEE, THE LEGION OF THE MASKED DOES NOT OFTEN FAIL!!



BUT THE ACRID FUMES
ROUSE BARRY.

HUH?
H--
HUH?

QUICK!
WE'LL BE
BURNED
TO
DEATH!

LOOK!
SEE
WHAT WAS
ON MY
COAT / A
METAL
THREAD
FROM MME
POINCEAU'S
DRAPE /

THIS IS
A REAL
BREAK /
LOOK--IT
MATCHES
THAT
SCAP OF
CLOTH WE
FOUND ON
THE ROOF /

THEY REACH THE BACK OF MME. POINCEAU'S
SHOP IN TIME TO SEE A TRUCK DRIVE OFF.

BARRY COME
HELP ME! THIS
DOOR SEEMS
TO BE JAMMED
OR LOCKED!

THE TRUCK!
IT'S THE ONE
THAT RAN
INTO US!

A BURST OF GUNFIRE GREET'S
BARRY AND LE GRAND AS THEY
SMASH THROUGH THE LOCKED DOOR.

ALL RIGHT!
YOU'VE GOT
YOU ALL
COVERED!

THIS IS THE
END OF
THE LINE FOR
YOU--WE'RE
NOT DEAD, AS
YOU CAN SEE!

THE LEADER OF THE
GANG UNMASKS--

YOU!
YOU, MME.
POINCEAU,
THE HEAD
OF THE
LEGION?

YES, AS THIS
BUNGLING FOOL
OF A HUSBAND
OF MINE WOULD
VERIFY, IF HE'D
NOT COME BACK
TO SEE IF I WERE
SAFE, I'D NOT
BE FOUND OUT!

YOU KNEW, THEN, OF HER
EXTRAVAGANCES? IT WAS
HER LUST FOR MONEY
WHICH DROVE HER TO
THIS AWFUL BUSINESS!

I KNEW NOTHING OF
YOUR WIFE, BUT HER
KNOWLEDGE OF THE
TRANSFER OF THE
MONEY SHOWED ME
THAT YOU'D TOLD
HER, AND SINCE FEW
PEOPLE KNEW
OF OUR PLANS,
I SUSPECTED
HER!

LE GRAND, POKING IN A CLOSET, MAKES A
REMARKABLE DISCOVERY...

THE STOLEN
MONEY / AND OUR
SHARPSHOOTER.

SO THAT'S HOW YOU
HURT YOUR WRIST,
MME. POINCEAU?
DRAGGING HIS
BODY AWAY, AFTER
I'D SHOT HIM!

YES--
YES--
STOP
TALKING,
AND STOP
POINTING
THAT GUN!

LATER--
EXTRAVAGANCE AND
PROBABLY GAMBLING, TOO
BAD. HER ARREST ENDS THE
LEGION OF THE MASKED. IT
CANNOT OPERATE WITHOUT
THE INFORMATION WHICH
SHE, THE COMMISSIONER'S
WIFE, SUPPLIED!

AS FANG
GOW SAID, "SMART
MAN WITH SMARTER
WIFE, NOT SO
SMART."

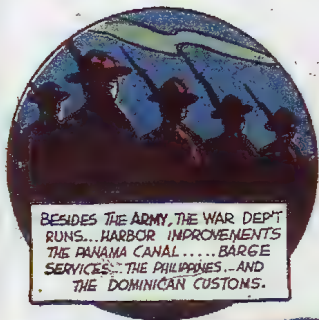
WHAT
NEW AND
FORMIDABLE
ENEMIES
WILL RISE
TO
CONFRONT
BARRY
O'NEILL
AND
INSPECTOR
LE GRAND?
DON'T MISS
THE NEXT
ISSUE
OF

*Adventure
Comics!*

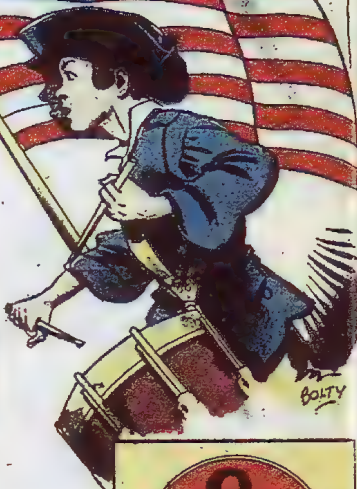
FACTS

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

DID NOT BECOME OUR
NATIONAL ANTHEM UNTIL 1931,
WHEN CONGRESS OFFICIALLY
APPROVED IT.



BESIDES THE ARMY, THE WAR DEPT
RUNS... HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS
THE PANAMA CANAL..... BARGE
SERVICES... THE PHILIPPINES... AND
THE DOMINICAN CUSTOMS.



THIS STANDS FOR "AND"
THE CORRECT NAME FOR
IT IS "AMPERSAND."

(I BET 50% OF YOU DIDN'T
KNOW THE NAME.)



BARN

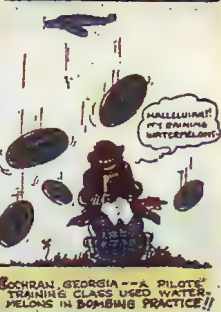
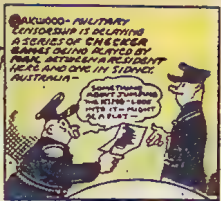
ARE USUALLY PAINTED RED
BECAUSE CHEMICALLY THIS COLOR
WITHSTANDS WEATHER BEST.

ALL'S FAIR

BOOK-TO-ITEM PRODUCTION IN
FUNCTION PLANT HERE. CIGARET
TOWNS ARE STAGED DURING THE
"TACOS BEST LUNCH HOUR"



BOOK-TO-ITEM PRODUCTION IN
FUNCTION PLANT HERE. CIGARET
TOWNS ARE STAGED DURING THE
"TACOS BEST LUNCH HOUR"

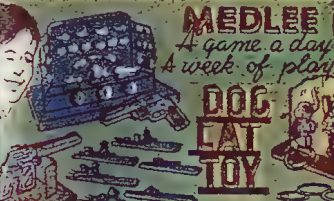


COCHRAN, GEORGIA -- A PILOT'S
TRAINING CLASS USED WATER-
MELONS IN BOMBING PRACTICE!!



DOLL HOUSE
with DECORATED INTERIOR
5 Large Rooms Complete with Furniture

It's beautiful. Walls, floors, furniture of each room are in full color realistic design. 96 furniture and decorating pieces. Exterior effect brick, stone, half-timbers and shingles. House is 27" long. Attractively boxed. "Dolly" will love this too. Colorful home because it's so REAL inside and out. No. 207, \$2.



Seven separate and distinct games -- all action -- with 28 variations for super ending play. Complete party entertainment -- ideal for grownups too. Illustrated are Shooting Gallery, Corp Defense, Letters, Clavin Test. The other exciting games are Color Match, Pick and Duck on Rock. Outstanding game value of the year. Attractively boxed. No. 205, \$1.

New BUILT-RITE TOYS ARE MORE FUN THAN EVER



GUARDSMAN
ACTION, THRILLS, SKILL
A great combat game. Played with real horticulture, 25 Soldiers and Officers. Artillery Piece and Service Revolver really shoot (burnless rubber bands). Distinctions of military insignia and formations are shown on instruction sheet describing the 6 all different games that are played with Guardsman. Attractively boxed. No. 201, \$2.

BOYS! GIRLS!

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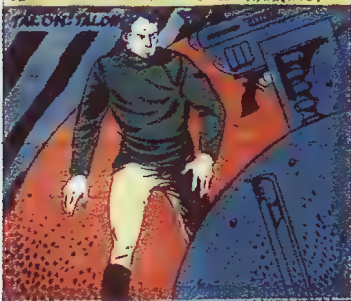
MARK LANSING OF MIKISHAWM

BY HOWARD PURCELL

ABOARD THE BIG WAR CRUISER ACTINIAN, THE TRUSTED OFFICER GENERAL KOSTA, IS IN REALITY A SPY WORKING FOR MOKAN WHILE THE ACTINIAN IS ENGAGED IN BATTLE WITH TWO OF MOKAN'S DREADNOUGHTS OF THE AIR ... GENERAL KOSTA (X7) SLIPS BEHIND KING TALON AND RAISES A GLEAMING KNIFE WITH THE INTENTION OF ASSASSINATING TALON. FIFTY YARDS AWAY, AT A GUN TURRET, MARK LANSING SEES WHAT IS HAPPENING ... HE SHOUTS! "TALON! LOOK OUT! BEHIND!"



BUT THE ROAR OF THE BIG GUNS DROWNS OUT MARK LANSING'S CRY OF WARNING!



THE KNIFE RAISES AND KOSTA PREPARES FOR THE THRUST...



THAT IS NEVER COMPLETED - THE DREADNOUGHT HIGH IN THE SKY SCORES A HIT! ... AN EARTH-SHATTERING ROAR! STUNNED BY THE CONCUSSION, TALON AND HIS WOULD-BE ASSASSIN ARE THROWN HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR OF THE SHIP...



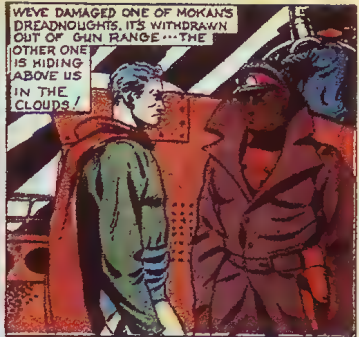
KOSTA, THE SPY, REGAINS HIS FEET FIRST ... SEEING MARK RUNNING FULL SPEED TOWARD HIM ... HE BEATS A HASTY RETREAT.

THE NEXT TIME TALON ... YOU WILL NOT BE SO LUCKY!





THANK HEAVENS,
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
ONE OF YOUR
OFFICERS TRIED
TO KNIFE YOU!
DIDNT GET A
LOOK AT HIS
FACE!!



WE'VE DAMAGED ONE OF MOKAN'S
DREADNOUGHTS. IT'S WITHDRAWN
OUT OF GUN RANGE... THE
OTHER ONE
IS HIDING
ABOVE US
IN THE
CLOUDS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DREADNOUGHT
IN THE SKY, ABOVE THE WARSHIP,

DIVE AT THE WARSHIP! STRAFE
HER DECKS... DROP AS MANY
BOMBS AS POSSIBLE... AND PULL
AWAY FAST!!



THE DREADNOUGHT DIVES STRAIGHT
FOR THE WARSHIP... HER GUNS
CHATTERING...

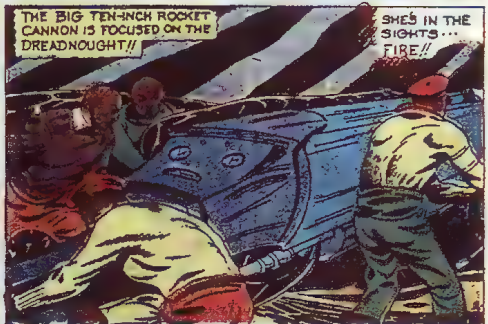


THE ALERT WARSHIP IS NOT TO BE
CAUGHT NAPPING. HER GUNS
BARK DEFIANCE!



AND THE AIRSHIP FINDS IT-
SELF CAUGHT IN A DEADLY
CROSS FIRE...

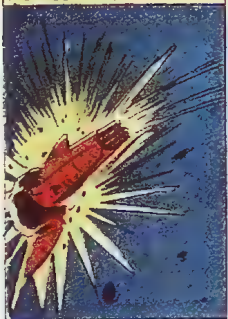
QUICK!! PULL AWAY!
OR WE'RE LOST!



THE BIG TEN-INCH ROCKET
CANNON IS FOCUSED ON THE
DREADNOUGHT!!

SHE'S IN THE
SIGHTS...
FIRE!!

A DIRECT HIT!

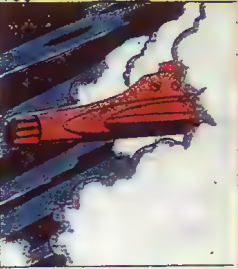


ON THE DECK OF THE CRUISER
TALON TURNS TO MARK...

THAT IS NOT A VERY
NICE WAY TO DIE,
BUT IT WAS EITHER
THEM OR US!



THE OTHER DREADNOUGHT OF
MOKANS...SEEING THE DE-
STRUCTION OF ITS COMPANION
SHIP... LIMPS AWAY THRU THE
FOG...



WITH THE MENACE FROM THE SKIES
REMOVED...THE ACTINIAN ROLLS STEADILY
HOMEWARD...

WELL, MARK,
SOON YOU
WILL SEE
MY HOME-
LAND!



I'M WORRIED
ABOUT THAT
SPY-LES
STILL ON
BOARD
YOU
KNOW

HASN'T GENERAL
KOSTA BEEN ABLE
TO DISCOVER
ANY LEADS ON
THIS FELLOW
AT ALL?

I'LL SEND FOR HIM
AND SEE
WHAT HE
KNOWS!



BUT WHEN KOSTA IS QUESTIONED

I HAVE NO NEWS OF THE
SPY'S WHEREABOUTS AS YET,
SIRE, BUT I'M HAVING EVERY
EXIT WATCHED - HE MUST
BE BOTTLED UP IN THE
SHIP SOMEWHERE //



KOSTA LEAVES, BUT MARK
FROWNS...

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY
ABOUT HIM... I DON'T LIKE
HIS LOOKS
OR HIS
MANNER!



AND THAT NIGHT BEFORE
RETIRING...

THERE'S SOME-
THING WRONG
SOMEWHERE.
I THINK I'LL
HAVE A LOOK
AT TALON'S
STATE ROOM.



AND EVEN AS MARK DELIBERATES, KOSTA, THE SPY, SILENTLY FORCES THE DOOR OF TALON'S STATEROOM...



THIS TIME I DO NOT FAIL!!

BUT TALON AWAKENS AND THROWS UP HIS ARM IN DEFENSE....



WHO! WHAT!

MARK PLUNGES INTO TALON'S ROOM....



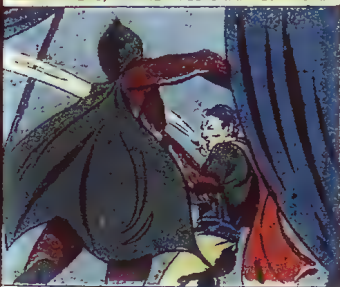
KOSTA, THE SPY... TURNS AND SEES MARK... HE HOWLS IN FRUSTRATED RAGE...



"MEDDLING FOOL! TASTE THE KNIFE YOURSELF, THEN!"

AND OUTSIDE TALON'S DOOR, MARK PAUSES... CLEARLY FROM WITHIN... A MUFFLED VOICE... SOUNDS OF A SCUFFLE!

THE KNIFE FLASHES... SINGS THRU THE AIR. MARK DODGES, AND ESCAPES DEATH BY INCHES



FRANTICALLY, THE MASKED MAN TURNS TO RUN... GRABBING A SMALL JAR OFF A TABLE TOP, MARK THROWS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!



IGNORING THE FALLEN MASKED MAN FOR THE MOMENT...HE TURNS TO TALON...

WELL, I SEE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

THANKS TO YOU, YES...HE WAS CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME. ANOTHER MINUTE AND...

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER

THERE IS YOUR TRAITOR, TALON!

SO, IT WAS GENERAL KOSTA 'ALL THE TIME' WE'LL PUT HIM IN THE SHIP'S BRIG... UNTIL HE IS TRIED FOR TREASON!

YOU SEE, MARK...A KING'S LOT IS NOT ALWAYS A HAPPY ONE...I HAVE MANY ENEMIES WHO WOULD DESTROY MY GOVERNMENT AND TEAR DOWN MY THRONE...SUGH

A ONE IS KOSTA!

KING-TALON SUMMONS HIS AIDE -- MANCHUCK --

HERE IS OUR SPY, MANCHUCK. TAKE HIM AWAY!

WITH PLEASURE, SIRE!

KOSTA IS TAKEN TO THE SHIP'S BRIG... IS FILLED WITH HATRED...HE SEARCHES HIS CELL WITH RAT-LIKE CUNNING FOR A POSSIBLE AVENUE OF ESCAPE

I'LL GET OUT OF HERE, AND WHEN I DO...

AND WHILE KOSTA PLOTS, MARK AND KIT STEAL A FEW MOMENTS TOGETHER ON THE BRIDGE...

MARK, IF TALON GOES TO WAR AGAINST MOKAN YOU WON'T GO, WILL YOU?

NO, KIT / I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU!!

IN THE BRIG...KOSTA, THE SPY, IS FED A MEAGER DINNER...AS HE DRINKS HIS SOUP, HE HOISTS THE SOUP BOWL IN HIS HAND...IN HIS MIND, A DARING PLAN...

THIS PEWTER MUG, IT'S HEAVY...NOW, FOR THE GUARD!!

A LONE GUARD STANDS IN ATTENDANCE
OVER KOSTA, AND KOSTA CALLS ALOUD!

BRING ME MORE
SOUP--YOU WOULD
NOT WANT YOUR
PRIZE PRISONER
TO STARVE TO
DEATH!



THE GUARD TURNS, WALKS TO KOSTA'S CELL
AND KOSTA THROWS THE SOUP BOWL WITH
UNERRING ACCURACY THRU THE BARS!



THE GUARD FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.
THE SPY PLUCKS THE KEYS FROM
THE STILL FORM...STEALTHILY
UNLOCKS THE CELL DOOR!



SILENTLY, THRU THE SHIP'S
CORRIDORS, KOSTA STEALS...



IF I CAN
GET TO A
CATAPULT
PLANE, I'LL
ESCAPE FROM
THIS SHIP
YET!

LUCK IS WITH THE SPY...HE
REACHES THE UPPER DECKS...
NEARS THE CATAPULT PLANES



BUT ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY,
MARK BIDS KIT GOODNIGHT--AND
STARTS FOR HIS STATEROOM....

FUNNY, COULD
HAVE SWORN
I SAW SOME-
THING MOVE
BEHIND THAT
CATAPULT!



WAIT! THERE IS SOMEONE!
BY TAOIT'S KOSTA,
THE SPY...HE'S BROKEN
LOOSE.



AND THEN...KOSTA TURNS
SEES MARK...HE SNARLS
HIS RECOGNITION ...



TO BE CONTINUED

Adventure Stamp Page

Red Herring

CHAD

BOARD THE AMERLIANTIC CLIPPER, ENROUTE TO LISBON, A STRANGELY-CLAD PASSENGER AROUSES THE CURIOSITY OF THE OTHER TRAVELERS.....

THESE PASSENGERS THINK YOU'RE A CRIMINAL INSTEAD OF STEVE CARSON OF THE FBI

IT'LL BE SO UNTIL THE "PEGASUS" MAKES THE U.S. SAFELY!

MEANWHILE NEARING LISBON, IS THE "PEGASUS" BRINGING HOME THE AMERICAN CITIZENS FROM WAR-TORN EUROPE.....

HERE'S WHERE WE PUT ON THE ACT, RANGER! LET'S GO!

LOOK OUT! HE'S A DEGENERATE CRIMINAL!

UNEXPECTED HELP COMES FROM A FELLOW PASSENGER WHO IS WATCHING...

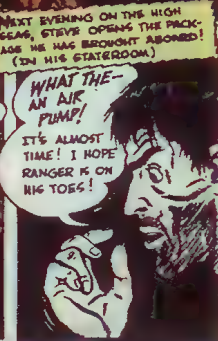
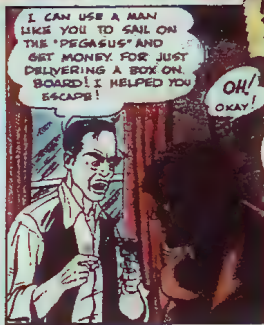
EAY! YOU SIGNED ON AT NAPLES AND YOU'VE BEEN JITTERY EVER SINCE!

SORRY, SIR! BUT THOSE MINE FIELDS... I HOPE THE F.B.I. SENDS A MAN! LOOK! THERE'S THE CLIPPER! LANDING!

YOU FOOL! HE'S A DANGEROUS SABOTEUR!

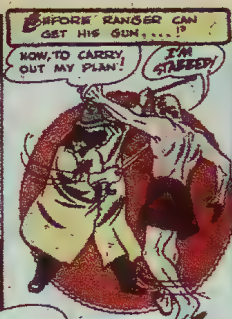
YOU MIGHT HAVE HURT A BYSTANDER!







BUT AT THAT INSTANT,
IN THE CABIN OF 'G-
MAN' RANGER!
I HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM STEVE... I...!



BEFORE RANGER CAN
GET HIS GUN...!
NOW, TO CARRY
OUT MY PLAN!
I'M STAFFED!



STEVE LEAVES THE PACK-
AGE AS INSTRUCTED...!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
I'D BETTER HIDE!



WAIT
A SECOND!



AS STEVE GRADDLES WITH THE
MAN, A SHOT RINGS OUT...!

I'M HIT!



SUDDENLY, A
CRY FREEZES
THE BLOOD OF
ALL THE HEAR-
ERS!

A FLOATING
MINE!



AS FRIGHTENED PEOPLE
RUSH FOR BOATS,
STEVE GRES.....

HEY,
YOU!



FOOL!
LOOK OUT FOR
THAT BOMB!



YOU! NOW I GET THE
IDEA OF THE AIR
PUMP!



WHAT'S
GOING ON!

THAT'S NO MIKE!
LOOK!

STEVE FIRES AT
THE MINE...!!

IT'S
COLLAPSING!

IT WAS MADE OF
RUBBER! SOMEONE
ON THIS BOAT BLEW IT
UP AND THREW IT OVER-
BOARD! EVERYONE IS TO
BE SEARCHED!

THAT OFFICER
IS THROWING
SOMETHING
AWAY!



WHAT HAVE
YOU THERE?



I'LL KILL
YOU FIRST!

THE AIR
PUMP!
SO, IT WAS YOU!



SUDDENLY, A SHOT
RINGED OUT...

GOTCHA!



FOLKS! JENKS STOOGED
FOR THIS SPY, WHO
PLANNED TO BLOW
UP THE BOAT! THE
IDEA WAS, THEN, TO
SAY A NATION WE
FAVORED DID IT!

FOLLOW TWO-
FISTED
STEVE CARSON
OF THE
F.B.I.
AS HE SNARES
THE NATION'S
ENEMIES
EVERY MONTH
IN
ADVENTURE
COMICS
by CHAD

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

HELLO again, Member! This month I want to talk to you about how YOU can be of service to your country—how you can help in fighting subversive elements just as much in your way as the members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation do in theirs.

The entire matter—both for you and the G-Men—hinges on Americanism. It is the Americanism of the FBI members that keeps them hot on the trail of Fifth Columnists and saboteurs. And you can show your Americanism by working tirelessly for the principles which are truly American.

How? Mostly by talking.

Does that seem silly or inconsequential? Not at all! As we look back on the fate of European countries that have been enslaved, we see that much of the reason for their defeat lies in the fact that certain elements talked and preached defeatism, that their country could not stand up against the superior forces of the enemy or enemy-to-be.

You know and I know that the United States is the greatest nation on earth, not only from a standpoint of Liberty and Justice and Enlightenment, but also in regard to natural resources and industrial production. With all of our great nation harnessed for defense, we need fear no nation or combination of nations—so long as we have national unity, and so long as the people have confidence in the nation and in themselves.

That's where YOU come in. Let your friends know how YOU stand on Americanism. Make them realize that America is great. Let your parents and your teachers know that

you think it's wonderful to be a citizen of this country. That sort of thing is contagious, you know. Get ALL of us—youngsters and grownups alike—talking about how fine it is to be an American, and there just won't be anybody rash enough to step up, and declare that there's anything wrong with America. Keep the Fifth Columnists and defeatists quiet! Too, if the defeatists and Fifth Columnists see that we, the people, are firmly united, they may well be won over to the cause of true Americanism themselves.

No doubt many of you have refugees from Europe living in your communities and going to your schools. Don't you think it's worth while to show them how we feel, to show them that we're not afraid? When they write letters home to their folks across the ocean, don't you think it would be fine if those letters showed their folks that

the people of the United States are with them?

And while you are talking for your country, keep a sharp ear for those who talk against it. If any young member of the community should utter words against America, I'm sure the other youngsters would be able to convince him of the error of his ways. And if you should hear seriously treasonable words uttered by an older person, don't just "let it slide." I don't suggest that you get mixed up in affairs that may be beyond your powers to cope with; but I do suggest that you take the matter up with your Dad or some other older person. He'll know whether the matter is worthy of reporting, and he'll know whom to contact.

In the meantime, do YOUR bit by talking Americanism!

Yours for LAW and ORDER,

Steve Carson.

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City

JAN.

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

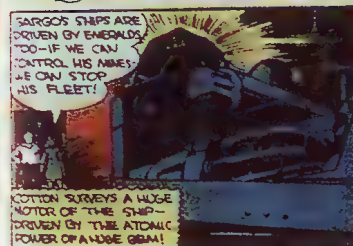
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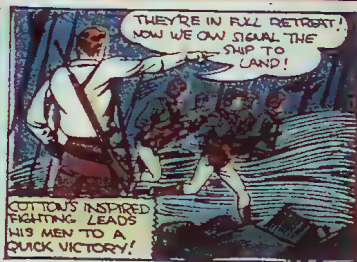
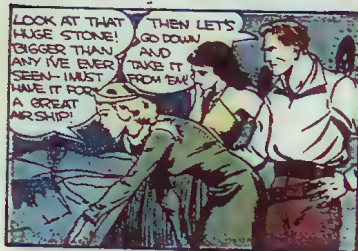
COTTON CARVER

IN EMERALDA

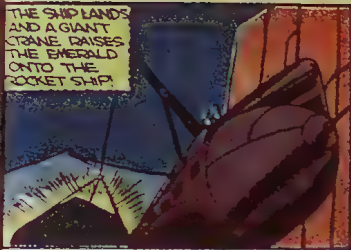
FLYING FROM THE FLAMING FORESTS OF THE TREE PEOPLE, COTTON AND DEELA COME TO A HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS THAT OVERLOOKS A LONG VALLEY



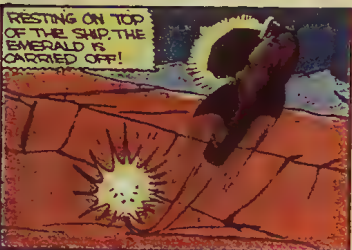




THE SHIP LANDS
AND A GIANT
CRANE RAISES
THE EMERALD
ONTO THE
ROCKET SHIP!



RESTING ON TOP
OF THE SHIP, THE
EMERALD IS
CARRIED OFF!



IF YOU CAN GET ATOMIC
ENERGY FROM THAT
EMERALD—I'VE A
PLAN TO WIN BACK
YOUR COUNTRY!



OH,
THAT WOULD
BE WONDERFUL!

THE EMERALD
IS ENERGIZED!

IT
WILL
WORK NOW,
COTTON!

GOOD! NOW
FOR MY
TEST!

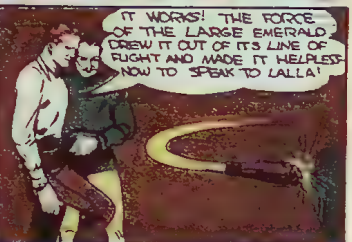


COTTON MAKES
HIS TEST!

THIS MODEL SHIP HAS A
SMALL EMERALD IN IT—I'VE
AIMED IT AWAY FROM THE
LARGE EMERALD!



IT WORKS! THE FORCE
OF THE LARGE EMERALD
DREW IT OUT OF ITS LINE OF
FLIGHT AND MADE IT HELPLESS—
NOW TO SPEAK TO LALLA!



THE NEXT STEP IS FOR YOU
TO DECLARE WAR ON GARGO—
WE'LL BE WAITING FOR
YOU!



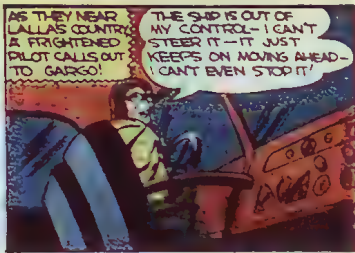
GARGO RECEIVES
THE DECLARATION
OF WAR!!

WAR! I'LL BLAST
LALLA OFF THE
MAP OF
EMERALDA!





GARGO'S MIGHTY
WAR FLEET
STARTS OFF!

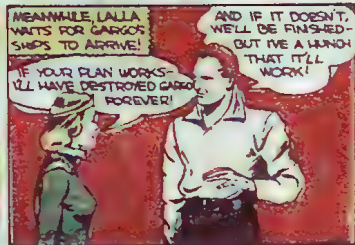


AS THEY NEAR
LALLA'S COUNTRY,
A FRIGHTENED
PILOT CALLS OUT
TO GARGO!

THE SHIP IS OUT OF
MY CONTROL—I CAN'T
STEER IT—IT JUST
KEEPS ON MOVING AHEAD—
I CAN'T EVEN STOP IT!



WE'LL BE EASY
TARGETS FOR
LALLA'S GUNS—
SHE'S FOUND
SOME WAY TO
DO THIS TO
ME, BLAST HER!



MEANWHILE, LALLA
WAITS FOR GARGO'S
SHIPS TO ARRIVE!

AND IF IT DOESN'T,
WE'LL BE FINISHED—
BUT I'VE A HUNCH
THAT IT'LL
WORK!

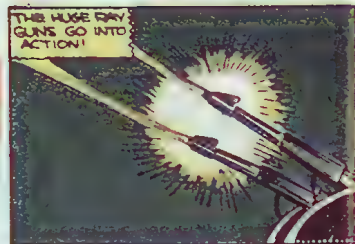
IF YOUR PLAN WORKS—
I'LL HAVE DESTROYED GARGO
FOREVER!



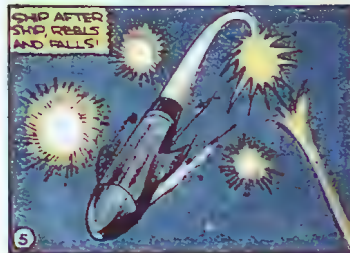
SUDDENLY!

IT WORKS! IT
WORKS! GARGO'S
FLEET ABOVE
US—HELPLESS!

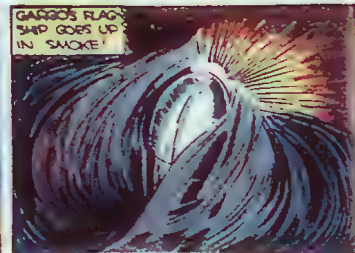
QUICK!
HAVE YOUR
BIG GUNS
FIRE!



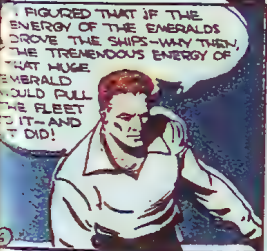
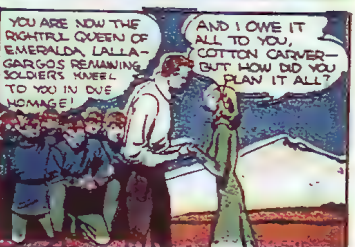
THIS HUGE RAY
GUNS GO INTO
ACTION!



SHIP AFTER
SHIP, REELS
AND FALLS!



GARGO'S FLAG
SHIP GOES UP
IN SMOKE!



THE SPECTRE!

ANOTHER HIGH-POWERED ADVENTURE STRIP
WRITTEN BY **JERRY SIEGEL** CREATOR
OF RECORD-BREAKING **SUPERMAN!**



Startling-New-Different

The SPECTRE

APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN

MORE FUN

COMICS

DON'T MISS IT!

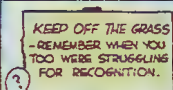
GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

Oddities..

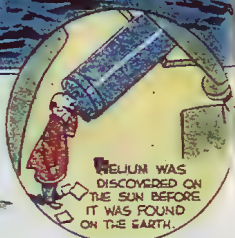
NEW YORK CONSUMES 125,000,000
QUARTS OF MILK A MONTH. THIS
WOULD BE ENOUGH TO FLOAT THE
LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD!



MAHOGANY TREES ARE CUT BY
MOONLIGHT; FOR THEN THEY ARE
FREE OF SAP AND SOUNDED.



SIGN ON **BING**
CROSBY'S LAWN.



HELIUM WAS
DISCOVERED ON
THE SUN BEFORE
IT WAS FOUND
ON THE EARTH.

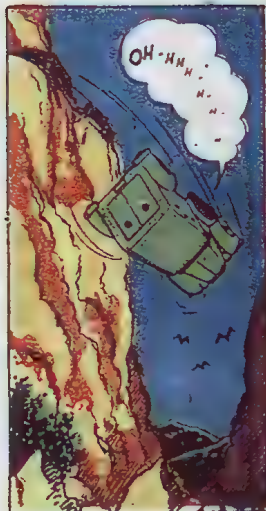
PAUL KIRK MANHUNTER

by MOORE

A FEW MILES OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF HUNTSVILLE, AN ARMORED CAR LABORS UP THE DANGEROUS, LONESOME VALLEY ROAD. INSIDE, A PAYROLL FOR THE GIANT CONSTRUCTION JOB AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY— THEN—

WATCH OUT!!

WHAT'RE THEY TRYIN' T' DO???



OKAY, COM' ON—LEAVE THE CAR BEHIND THESE BUSHES WHILE WE OPEN THAT TIN CAN AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF

I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE NO CAN OPENER FOR THAT!



CLEANED 'EM OUT!—WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM THEM!

QUIT JABBERIN' AN' GET THIS DOUGH OUTA HERE BEFORE SOMEBODY COMES ALONG

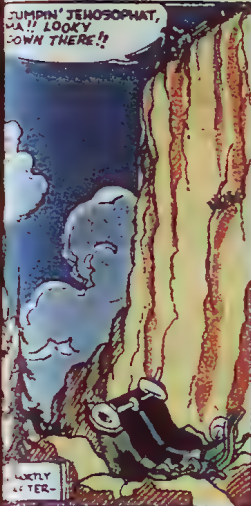


A COLD TWENTY GRAND!!

LET'S GO—AN' SCOT FREE!!



IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SHORT MINUTES, THE MONEY TRANSFERRED TO THE BANDIT'S CAR—AND—



LUCKILY AFTER—

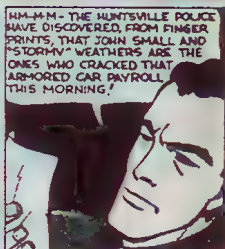
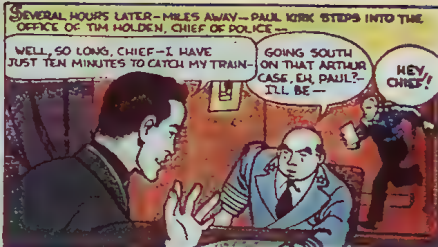
AND—THEY THINK THEY'RE COMING THROUGH HERE ON A TRAIN, AND THE HUNTSVILLE POLICE ASK YOU TO PICK 'EM UP!



SPOT 'EM ON THE TRAIN, MYSELF— AND THEN 'EM OVER TO THE STUFF AT CENTER CITY, THE FIRST STOP—



BUT, PAUL—YOU DON'T KNOW 'EM! NOW'LL YOU RECOGNIZE THEM??



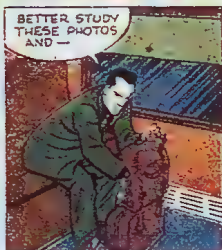
STEP ON IT, PAL! THIS COUNTRY'S FORCES OF LAW, ORDER, AND UPRIGHTNESS ARE DEPENDING ON YOUR GETTING ME TO THE STATION IN TIME TO CATCH THE FIVE-NINE!

HUH??

SKIP IT—
BUT
HURRY!!



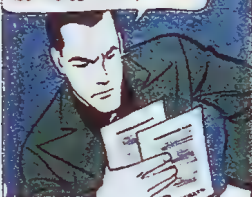
BETTER STUDY
THESE PHOTOS
AND—



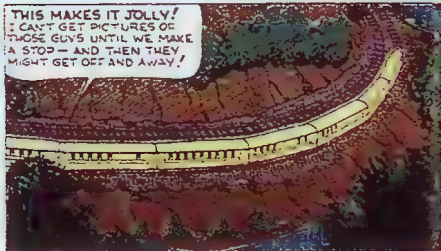
HOLY
SMOKE!!



THESE— THESE AREN'T THE
RIGHT ONES!! THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN A MIXUP IN THE
RUSH— TO GET AWAY!



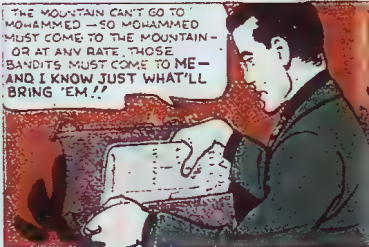
THIS MAKES IT JOLLY!
I CAN'T GET PICTURES OF
THOSE GUYS UNTIL WE MAKE
A STOP— AND THEN THEY
MIGHT GET OFF AND AWAY!

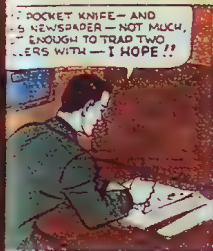


SO— THEN— I'VE GOT TO FIND
SOME WAY TO MAKE THEM
SHOW THEIR HAND— SOME
WAY TO— SAY!! I'VE GOT IT!!

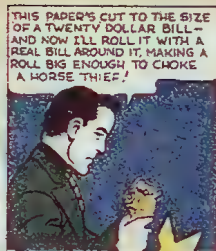


THE MOUNTAIN CAN'T GO TO
MOHAMMED— SO MOHAMMED
MUST COME TO THE MOUNTAIN—
OR AT ANY RATE, THOSE
BANDITS MUST COME TO ME—
AND I KNOW JUST WHAT'LL
BRING 'EM!!





POCKET KNIFE— AND
S NEWSPAPER— NOT MUCH,
ENOUGH TO TRAP TWO
LERS WITH— I HOPE!!



THIS PAPER'S CUT TO THE SIZE
OF A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL—
AND NOW I'LL ROLL IT WITH A
REAL BILL AROUND IT, MAKING A
ROLL BIG ENOUGH TO CHOKE
A HORSE THIEF!



HAVE A HUNCH THOSE
HITS WILL TRY TO PULL
IT BACK-UP IF THEY THINK
WORTH—WHILE I'LL
USE THIS ROLL AS
A DECOY!



YOU'VE
DROPPED
SOMETH—
OH!!

THE MAN HUNTER MOVES TO THE
FRONT OF THE TRAIN. THERE, HE
TAKES OUT HIS HANDKERCHIEF—
AND, AS IF BY CHANCE, THE
"MONEY" TUMBLES OUT WITH IT!

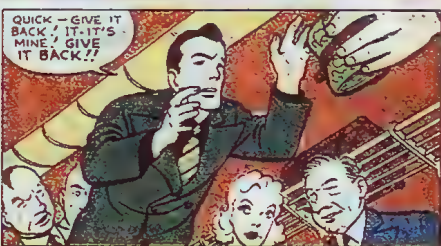


-GOSH!!

LOOK AT
THAT!!

WHAT A
PILE OF
HAY!!

WAIT!!

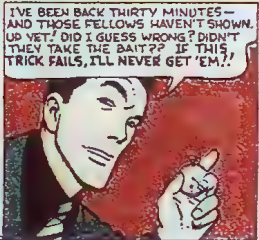


QUICK—GIVE IT
BACK! IT-IT'S
MINE! GIVE
IT BACK!!

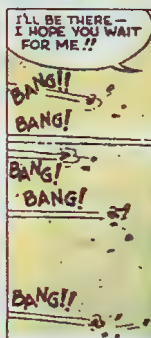
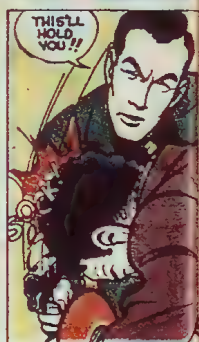
AND THE ACTION IS REPEATED IN EACH CAR AS HE MAKES HIS
WAY REARWARD.....



THAT DOES IT! THEY MUST
HAVE SEEN THAT ROLL.
NOW, ALL I CAN DO
IS WAIT—



I'VE BEEN BACK THIRTY MINUTES—
AND THOSE FELLOWS HAVEN'T SHOWN
UP YET! DID I GUESS WRONG? DIDN'T
THEY TAKE THE BAIT?? IF THIS
TRICK FAILS, I'LL NEVER GET 'EM!!



I'M COMING, STORMY WEATHERS! WHY DON'T YOU SHOW YOURSELF??

I'M NOT SHOOTING, STORMY WEATHERS— I'M TAKING YOU IN ALIVE, ALONG WITH YOUR PAL, TO FACE TRIAL IN A COURT OF LAW —

I'M NOT SHOOTING, "STORMY WEATHERS" BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE. IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH INJURING ANYONE, JUST TO GET YOUR MISERABLE HIDE!

MUCH BY MEAN, STEP BY STEP, PAUL KIRK MOVES TOWARD THE END OF THE CAR —

STOP COPPER!! DON'T COME NO CLOSER!! DON'T COME —

YOU'RE GOING TO JAIL, KILLER! BETTER DROP THAT GUN!!

N-NO — NO —

AND STUNGER, THEN, HE COMES! STORMY DROPS THE GUN FROM NERVELESS FINGERS!

AIN'T NEVER SEEN NOthin' LIKE IT!

HE JUST WALKED DOWN THE CORRIDOR WITH THE GANGSTER BLAZING AWAY AT HIM!

WHAT NERVE?

KATE-O

NERVE?? OH, NO, I JUST COUNTED HIS SHOTS— AND WHEN HE'D FIRED SIX TIMES I KNEW HE'D EMPTIED HIS CARTRIDGE CHAMBER— SO I JUST WALKED OVER AND PUT THE CUFFS ON HIM!

NEXT MONTH!
READ A NEW
PAUL KIRK
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SKY VISITOR

by George Shute

FAR below the plane—which
itself was but a dot in the sky
—the seemingly endless line of
humans, fleeing from the Coastal
towns and the wrath of enemy
guns, moved at snail's pace.

Through powerful glasses, a
small, thin man scrutinized the
land carefully as a uniformed
officer to his left explained what
was to be done.

"There is a likely landing field
to the West of the line, Herr
Oberleutnant," he explained.
"We are judging the wind so that
your parachute will drop you
there. You will proceed as di-
rected into London." His heavy
hand rested on the Lieutenant's
parachute. "After you, more men
will drop. Five more, all picked,
brave men."

The plane dipped easily. The
officer said: "That is the signal,
Herr Oberleutnant." He stepped
back, hand upraised in salute:
"Heil!"

The slight Lieutenant stiffly
returned the salute, wheeled in
military fashion and strode to
the plane's escape door.

A moment later the earth rose
tip to meet him.

Only the deep circles under
his eyes betrayed the tiredness
of Home Defense Private Her-
bert Jenkins. His face, wreathed
in the smile so loved by people
of his native Wyndham Marshes,
masked the fatigue which made
every word an effort. Still, Pri-
vate Jenkins tried to essay a
cheery smile, "an encouraging
word, for the long line of strag-
glers, headed for safety away
from the guns which were boom-
ing beyond the shadows.

Private Jenkins turned, hear-
ing his name called. He saluted
the dignified man with graying
hair who had uttered his name.
"Moving right along, sir. Not a
hitch. Ought to have them all in
by morning."

The man smiled sadly. "Good
work, Private. It's you fellows
who keep up the country's mor-
ale." He patted Jenkins' shoul-

der. "Don't forget to inspect
every piece of baggage. We—
Army Intelligence—have a tip
the enemy might land some sa-
boteurs by parachute."

Stooping over, finishing in-
spection of a peasant woman's
baggage, Private Jenkins glanc-
ed sharply at a small, thin man
of slight stature, who seemed to
be observing Colonel Wilson, the
Army Intelligence man, rather
closely.



Taking in the man, who was
patiently waiting for his battered
bag to be inspected, Private Jen-
kins envied the immaculate
fine British wool. Only the man's
tweed suit he was wearing, of
shoes, dusty and caked with
mud, showed the marks of travel;
that and a slight caking of
gray mud on the left side of the
trousers.

The man presented his cre-
dentials to Private Jenkins, who
looked at them carefully. An In-
spection of the bag revealed no
contraband. Private Jenkins
stood up and asked casually:

"Been traveling far? Looks like you've been going through the marshes."

The man smiled. "Two days, and you're a good guesser." His English was flawless, precise. He indicated his mud-caked shoes. "I got this walking through Wyndham Marshes," he said. "I couldn't seem to get it off!" He bent down to pick up his bag, trying to see Private Jenkins signal the Colonel. "I may go through?" he asked. "I have reserves."

"Stand up!" Private Jenkins' voice was stern. "And raise your hands." The Colonel was bent over, inspecting the stranger's bag. He turned it inside out then, pulling a knife from his pocket, slashed at the bottom.

Crack! Private Jenkins' revolver spoke as the stranger reached into his pocket. The man drew out the bullet-shattered end.

"You're under arrest!" Colonel Wilson pointed a gun at the stranger. "Look at this, Private." Private Jenkins stared at the dozen bombs which had been secreted inside the bag's bottom. "A saboteur!" he roared. "You were right, Colonel. They are parachuting them."

The enemy Lieutenant stiffened. The Colonel, noticing, said, "Yes. We were aware of their plans. Where are the others?"

The Lieutenant's face was

stony. The Colonel said to Private Jenkins: "We've got to find out where this man landed, because his friends will probably land there, too."

Private Jenkins grinned. "You don't have to find out, Colonel. I know. They landed in Wyndham Marshes, just like this fellow did. I recognized the mud on his shoes. But we don't have to worry about them."

Private Jenkins pushed his face close to that of the captive. "You don't know how lucky you are, young fellow." He indicated the patch of mud on the man's trouser leg. "The only thing that saved you was the wind carrying your chute skimming over the marsh. That and your being skinny."

He turned to the Colonel. "You see, sir, the rain of the last two days has made the place like quicksand. One more pound and this fellow would have gone in. Fortunately for him, he must have been carried to the only patch of solid ground." His eyes level with the Colonel's, Private Jenkins concluded:

"I'll wager my life his friends never come up again once their feet touch Wyndham Marshes."

The Colonel nodded grimly. "All right, march!" he said to the Lieutenant.

With dropping shoulders, the captured enemy walked forward, aware now that Death had granted him only a few hours, and his companions no time at all.

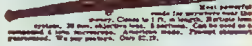
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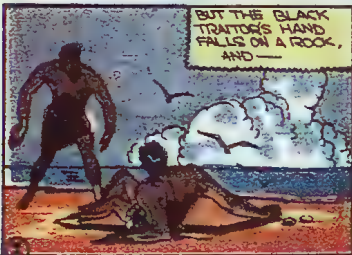
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STEVE CONRAD ADVENTURER

BY JACK LEHTI



DOWN—DOWN—
AND DOWN. THE
YOUNG CHIEF FALLS,
STRAIGHT TO THE
JAGGED AND GREE
BEATEN ROCKS
BELOW THE CLIFF!

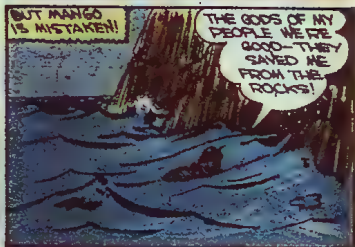


GOOD! NOW TALU
IS DEAD, I, MANGO,
SHALL BE CHIEF, AND
RULE THE ISLAND!



BUT MANGO
IS MISTAKEN!

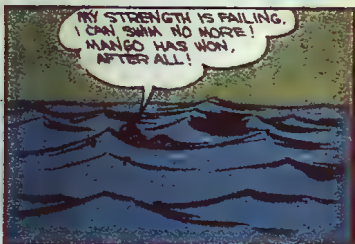
THE GODS OF MY
PEOPLE WERE
GOOD—THEY
SAVED ME
FROM THE
ROCKS!



BUT A STRONG
TIDE CATCHES
TALU AND SWEEPS
HIM OUT TO SEA!



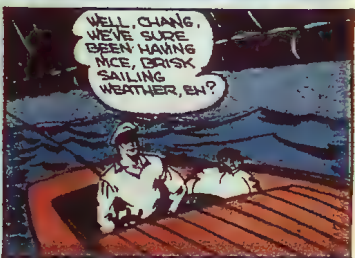
MY STRENGTH IS FAILING.
I CAN SWIM NO MORE!
MANGO HAS WON,
AFTER ALL!

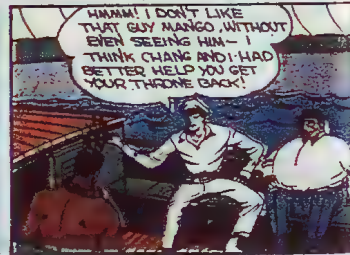
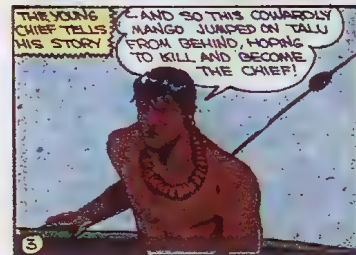
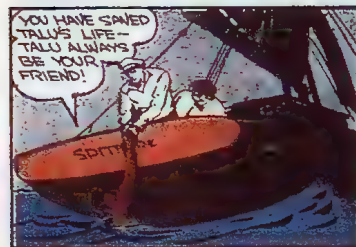


ON ANOTHER
PART OF THE
SEA!



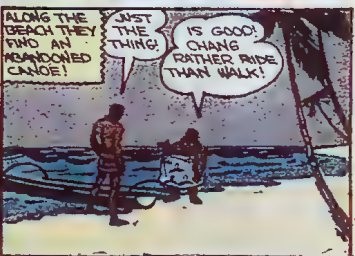
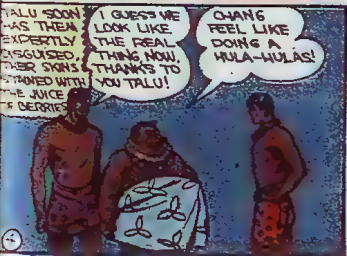
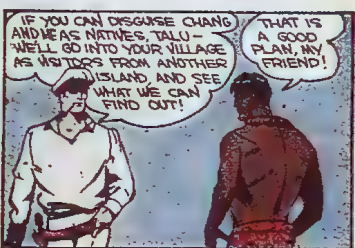
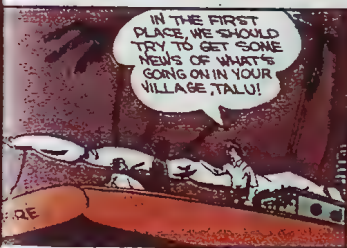
WELL, CHANG,
WE'VE SURE
BEEN HAVING
NICE, BRISK
SAILING
WEATHER, EN?

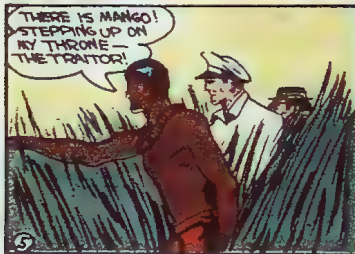
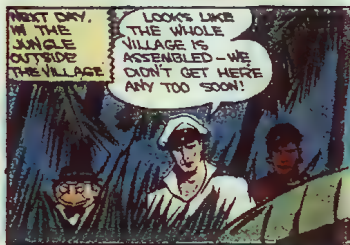
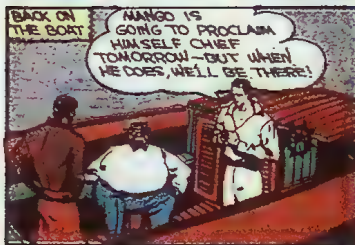
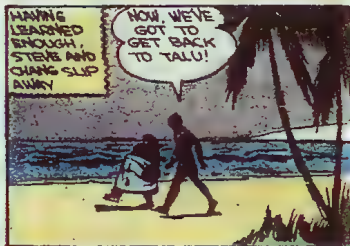
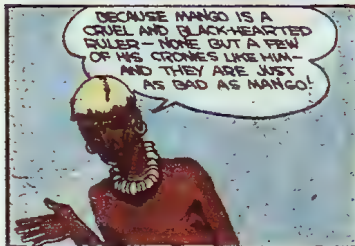
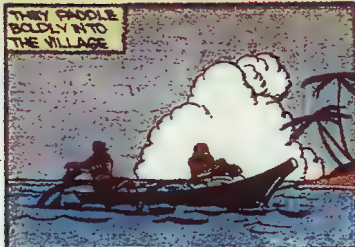


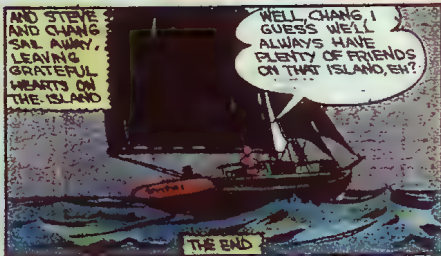
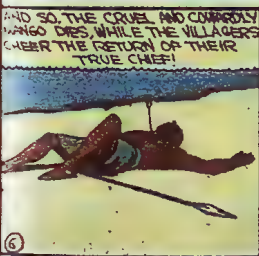


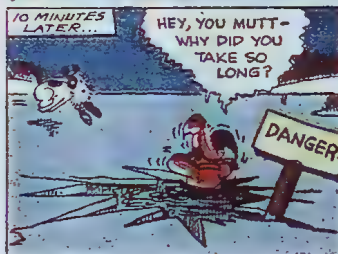
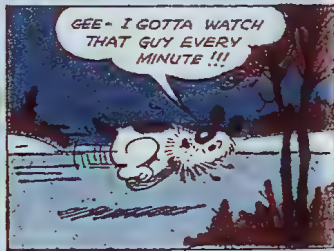
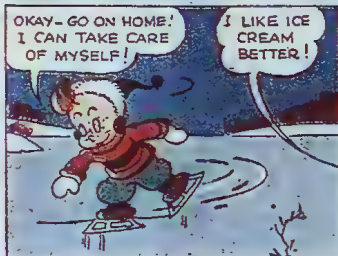


AFTER A
SHORT SAIL,
THEY SIGHT
THE ISLAND









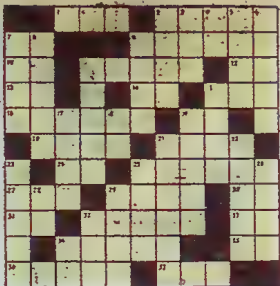
Do this puzzle correctly and win a free pennant for your bike or room

WORDS READING ACROSS

- The opposite of little—the kind of hub on a good coaster brake.
- What telephone wires are held up by.
- Abbreviation for Louisiana.
- The bicycle coaster brake that's been around for 40 years.
- Word of Latin for "and" (ask your big brother or sister).
- The most important part of a bike (ask mother or dad!).
- What you want a bike to do (and how!).
- The nickname of a boy named Albert.
- And I.
- A tomahawk.
- When you travel when the path is clear if you've the world's best brake.
- A common title for Father.
- When without some of its walls.
- A portion of whole—a portion.
- The word usually used with "either".
- The greatest builder of automobile brakes.
- The world's best bike coaster brake.
- The word parts sometimes use, meaning opposite of "close".
- The green "outside" that peas grow in.
- The meaning "formerly" used when talking of a man who used to be president of government or chaplain.
- The adjective singular of verb "to be".
- Draw up troops in the order of battle.
- Draw impressively.
- Two letters at the beginning of a doctor's prescription blank.
- Aer basket carried by falconer.
- A word for "yes"—first word of the book of "Penny Serenade".
- Crack.
- Boy.

WORDS READING DOWN

- To jab or prod with a stick.
- Rock or earth with metal in it, as it is dug from a mine.
- What your father writes after his name, if you are named after him.
- Mantle or cloak Roman senators used to wear. (See big brother or sister again.)
- Soldier's weapon not much used now.
- The part of a tree that usually falls off in Autumn.
- Big book of maps—also the giant of Greek mythology supposed to have laid up the world on his shoulders.
- Last half of the name of a famous college for women.
- A dog that seizes you with its teeth.
- A piece of pasteboard.
- Footwear—also a bronze part of the world's best bicycle coaster brake.
- A nickname for a boy named Edward.
- A bow.
- There's a palmed thrust on every bicycle—push back on them and you stop quickly with the world's best coaster brake.
- Roofs of things like stadiums or packages on shelves.
- What you do when you stop pedaling your bike—and do it longer with the world's best brake.
- What you do with a drill—also what people who talk too much do to you.
- Roman numeral? Remember—LXXLCCCLXXXI which tells you the number of ball bearings in the world's best coaster brake—more than any other.
- Abbreviation for afternoon.
- Any animal suited by another for food.
- Good practice, stories or music—also a boy's nickname.
- Abbreviation for Christian Science.



Fill in the correct words neatly and send this puzzle to us for your FREE bicycle pennant—makes your bike look snappy—looks fine on the wall of your room too. And when you get a new bike, remember to make sure it has the world's finest coaster-brake—the famous one that's named in the puzzle. Address—

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BOOK REVIEW

"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

by Richard Henry Dana

"Read a good book every month"

AN UNDERGRADUATE at Cambridge, young Dana decided to take a sea voyage as a rest cure for his eyes. He joined on the *Pilgrim*, a sailing vessel from Boston round Cape Horn to America, which was then part of the Golden Empire.

"Two Years Before the Mast" gives a vivid and accurate description of the life of a common sailor in the first half of the 19th century.

Dana, new to the sea, suffered severely from seasickness. He lived at first in a berth in the midst of coils of rigging, sails and old junk. He had a terrible time when first ordered aloft to reef the sails. Not until he was on the ship two or three days could he manage to eat his beef and biscuit.

The crew were expected to keep busy all the time. When they were not actually working the vessel, they were engaged in mending and repairing.

After an experience with pirates, they skirted the area of the Cape and the dreaded Cape weather. The men suffered

from the driving cold. Hail, sleet, snow, the mountainous waves that over swept the ship added to their discomfort. And those who furlled the topsails took their lives in their hands, as the pitching vessel submerged them again and again in the sea.

They stopped once at the island of Juan Fernandez to take on water. Then they pursued an unbroken voyage to California.

The "*Pilgrim*" carried a large cargo in its hold, all sorts of manufactured merchandise, to sell to the people of California. At the same time, the vessel was to pick up hides to bring home.

The "*Pilgrim*" docked at Monterey to begin trading. The storeroom was fixed up as a store and people were rowed

out by the crew to look over the items for sale and make their purchases. The trading-vessel created quite a stir among the people of California, who were still "backward" compared to the East Coast people.

There were few white men in California. The few whites of Spanish descent proudly called themselves "Castilians". Most of the Spaniards were part Indian, and there were a good many pure Indians, who were, however, little more than slaves.

The crew of the "*Pilgrim*" had expected to take not more than eighteen months for the whole voyage. However, as hides were scarce and it took a long time to gather them, it began to look as though the trip would drag on for several years. The men became impatient at the prospect of spending so long a time at this "end of the world", in this lawless civilization in which they had so little interest. There was a good deal of trouble and it brought about numerous floggings.

The brig later stopped at Santa Barbara to trade. They cruised up and down the coast, collecting hides until the hold would carry no more. Then they sailed to San Diego, where the firm's hide-house put the hides through a process of curing. The crew were forced to help in this tiresome work.

Tired of this "shore gang" work, Dana obtained permission to exchange places with one of the crew of another ship which had arrived, the "*Alert*". The story of his duties on board the *Alert* on the voyage home gives a very clear picture of the life of a sailor of those days.



The SANDMAN

WITH HIS GASGUN AND HELMET, HE SWEEPS THROUGH CRIMEDOM, TERRORIZING THOSE WHO TERRORIZE THE HELPLESS - THE SANDMAN! HE HAS SENT HUNDREDS OF CRIMINALS TO SING-SING - YET, STRANGELY ENOUGH IS WANTED BY THE POLICE AS WELL AS THE UNDERWORLD!

IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING, ALONG SWANKY PARK AVENUE -

"I FEEL SORT OF QUEER - AS THOUGH MY HEAD WERE BURSTING -"



THE LATE STROLLER COLLAPSES

"OWWW! MY HEAD - KILLING ME -"



HE STUMBLES AND FALLS - THE FLESH ON MY HEAD FALLS AWAY - LEAVING A BAPING, GRINNING SKULL -

"MY LORD! HIS FACE - ROTTING AWAY!"



"OFFICER, I SWEAR IT'S THE TRUTH - THERE HE WAS - HIS SKULL GRINNING AT ME -"

"NOW - NOW - YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING MORE THAN A BOTTLE OF YER OWN MILK -"



WELL - I'LL BE!

THAT ORCHID! THAT WASN'T
THERE BEFORE! SAY - I'M
SCARED - I'M CLEARING
OUT OF HERE -



THE SANDMAN TAKES A HAND IN THE GERM GAME -

IT'S MIGHTY IMPORTANT
THAT I GET THIS ORCHID!



WHAT KILLED THE LATE STROLLER? WHY IS THE
SANDMAN SO VITALLY INTERESTED IN THAT FLOWER?



HE LOST A GREAT DEAL
OF MONEY IN SPAIN.
DURING THE WAR -
ONLY HIS ORCHIDS, HE
WAS SAVED. HE BROUGHT
THEM HERE TO AMERICA -
I GOT HIM A HOthouse.

I'M SURE HE'LL DO
MARVELOUSLY WITH
THEM! SHALL WE
RUN OUT TO SEE
HIM?



THE OFFICER - LEFT ALONE - DOES NOT NOTICE
FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM UNTIL TOO LATE -

SORRY, OFFICER -
VERY SORRY -

KAFF - KAFF -



DIAN BELMONT SAID IT WOULD KILL HORRIBLY -
AND IT SURELY WAS! THIS THING - THAT STARTED
OUT SO INNOCENTLY - HAS GROWN
TO STRANGE PROPORTIONS!



DIAN HOW GOOD
TO SEE YOU!

CARLA - I CAME RIGHT
OVER - SOON AS I HEARD
YOUR BOAT DOCKED!
HOW'S YOUR DAD?



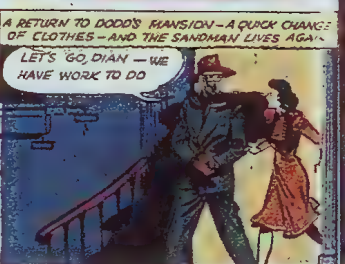
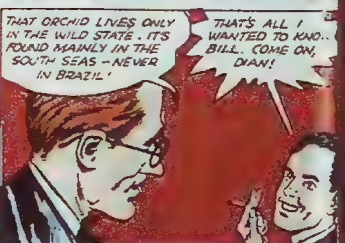
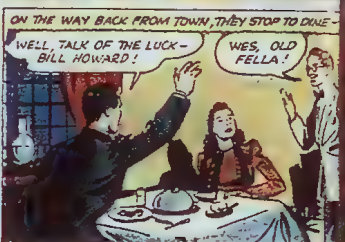
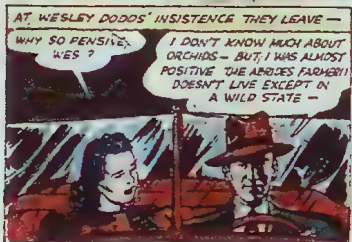
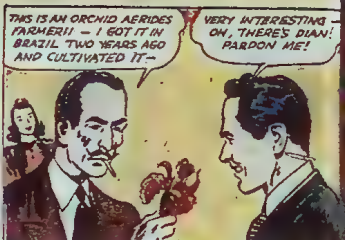
LET'S GO BACK FIVE HOURS TO THE PENTHOUSE OF
PRETTY CARLA MOSGAGES OF MADRID AND NEW YORK -

THEY SET OUT FOR THE GREENHOUSE ON LONG ISLAND -

YOU KNOW WESLEY
DODDS, CARLA?

WE'VE MET -





THE SANDMAN RETURNS TO THE HOTHOUSE -

WANT ONE OF THOSE ORCHIDS! AND I -



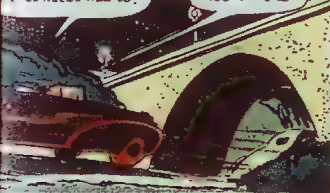
THERE'S BEEN A MURDER COMMITTED HERE - HORRIBLE! MAN'S FACE EATEN AWAY!

WHAT?



DON'T LOSE THEM - AND DRIVE SO FAST, WE'LL RECOGNIZE US!

HUH! YOU'D THINK I NEVER WORKED WITH YOU BEFORE!



... CARLA! YOU'RE LATE. WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU.

PARDON ME, DARLING...



GOOD LORD! A MAN - WITH THE FLESH OF HIS HEAD EATEN AWAY - AND AN ORCHID ON HIS CHEST!



THEY SEE CARLA AND A FRIEND LEAVE THE LITTLE HOUSE -

CARLA AND PEDRO GONZALES, THE BROKER! NOW, I WONDER WHERE SHE MET HIM?

THINK HE'S PART OF THIS MYSTERY OF THE ORCHID AND THE DEAD MAN? FOLLOW THEM, SEE WHERE THEY GO -



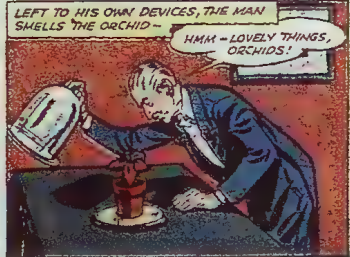
IN CARLA'S PENTHOUSE

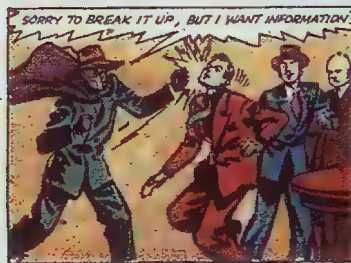
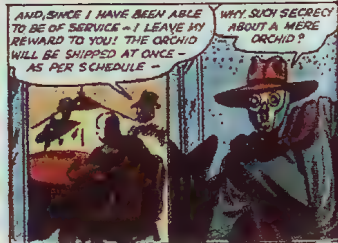
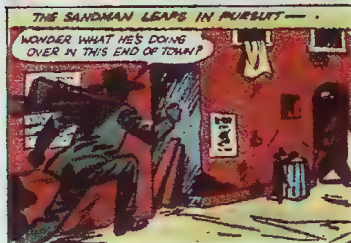
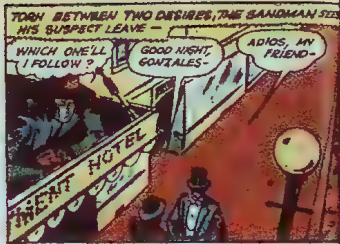
AH - ALL READY TO SHIP! MY WORK IS NEARLY DONE -



LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES, THE MAN SMELLS THE ORCHID -

HMM - LOVELY THINGS, ORCHIDS!





HE PLUNGES THROUGH - AND HITS ICY WATERS THAT CLOSE OVER HIS HEAD.

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN
THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING
WHEN THEY FORCED ME BACK!

THERE'S A BULKHEAD - MY CHANCE
TO DRAG MYSELF OUT OF THIS -

HE FINDS DIAN AWAITING HIM -

I HEARD SOMEONE
SWIMMING - LEANED
OVER AND SAW YOU -

THE RIVER RUNS UNDER THE
HOUSE WHERE NOGADES WENT
TO MEET A GROUP OF MEN -
HE'S GONE BY THIS TIME, I'LL
WARRANT!

THEY GO AFTER THE BROKER -
NOGADES CAN'T BE FAR
- DEAD - LOOK! THERE HE IS -
- HE'S DEAD!

THERE'S A FLOWER
ON HIS CHEST - GET IT -
BRING IT TO ME!

THE SANDMAN GASSES THE OFFICER - PICKS UP THE
ORCHID - AND RETURNS IT TO DIAN...

I'VE BROUGHT YOU
THAT ORCHID -

WE'RE GOING TO THE POLICE
RESEARCH LABORATORIES -

KNOWING THE SANDMAN'S REPUTATION, THE POLICE
- CHEMIST FEARS FOR DIAN'S SAFETY -

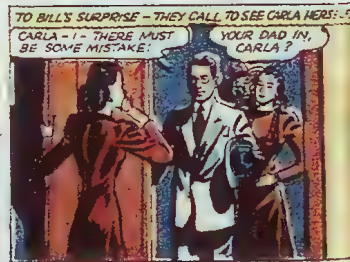
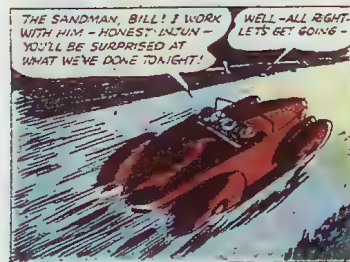
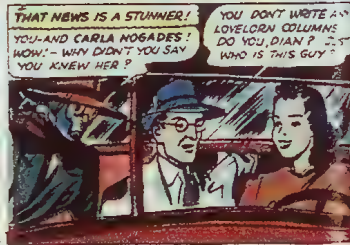
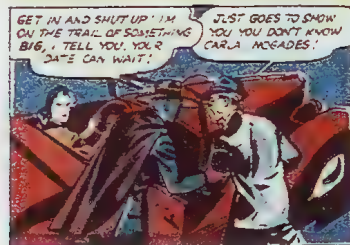
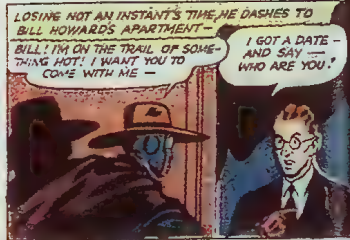
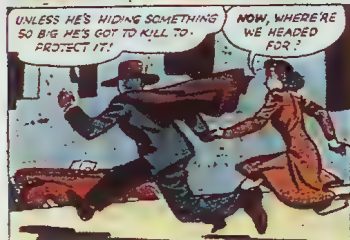
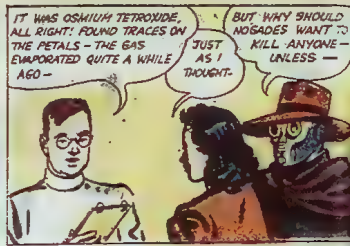
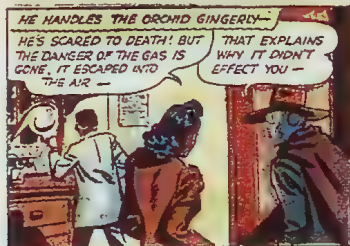
IS BELMONT - THE
- NO MAN! ARE YOU
- TROUBLE, MISS?

OF COURSE NOT, CHARLEY! HERE'S
WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO! TEST
THIS ORCHID FOR - OSMIUM
TETROXIDE!

DIAN THROWS A BOMBSHELL AT THE RESEARCH MAN -

OSMIUM TETROXIDE! THE MOST DEADLY GAS KNOWN -
IT ROTS AWAY THE FLESH AND EYES
AND HAIR - LEAVING ONLY BONE -!





NOGADES COMES OUT - WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND!

RIGHT, GENTLEMEN -
PREPARE TO DIE!

DADDY!



NO MAN!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU - TO
LEAVE PEDRO NOGADES ALONE -



EAST RIVER, AGAIN -

STOP TO ASK
QUESTIONS - HURRY UP!

I HOPE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!



THE SANDMAN INTERCEPTS A BULLET!

TEACH YOU TO TRY ANY TRICKS --



DIAN - THE RIVER - WHERE
YOU PULLED ME OUT -
QUICK - TAKE US THERE!

YOU - YOU'RE HURT -
OH, ALL RIGHT!



BACK THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR -

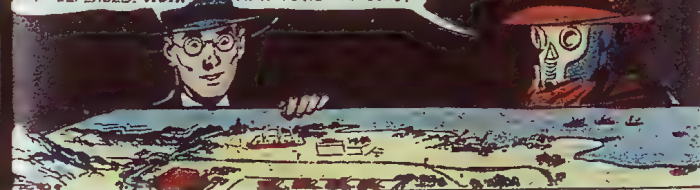
I THINK WE'RE NEARING THE
END OF THE TRAIL -



THEY OPEN A DOOR IN THE WATERFRONT HOUSE AND SEE -

ALL THAT'S HOLY - THE
UNITED STATES ATLANTIC
DEFENSES! WOW!

I KNEW IT WAS SOMETHING BIG!
A TOY COASTLINE - COMPLETE
WITH FORTS AND GUNS!



KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
AN ENEMY COUNTRY COULD
INVADE US EASILY WITH
THIS DETAILED INFORMATION!
AND THEY'D PAY PLENTY
FOR IT, TOO!

NOW, YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO SEE WHY I WANTED
YOU TO COME ALONG!
YOU'RE AN ARMY MAN!



AS THEY TALK THE DOOR SMASHES OPEN -

THEY GOT HERE AHEAD OF US -
KILL THEM! THEY MUSTN'T
LEAVE ALIVE!

THAT GOES
DOUBLE!



LET'S GIVE 'EM WHAT-FOR, BILL!



THESE RATS NEED GUNS
TO BE DANGEROUS!

THEY COULD STAND A
FEW LESSONS FROM
JOE LOUIS!



WE SURE MAKE A GOOD
TEAM -

IT WAS CLOSE WORK
FOR A WHILE - NOW TO
FIND OUT - IF I'M
RIGHT!



LOOK - PICTURES OF THE
COAST LINE - OF THOSE
TOYS!

PICTURES? HUH,
WHAT GOOD DO
THEY DO?



YOU'RE GOING TO CALL THE U.S.
MARINES TO ARREST THESE
BABIES - THEN WE'VE GOT A
DATE WITH AN ORCHID!

AN-AN ORCHID?
SAY, WHAT -



BILL MAKES HIS CALL - THE MARINES ARREST ARCADE
AND HIS MEN -

AND NOW FOR THE LAST PHASE OF
THIS MYSTERY - THE ORCHIDS
AND THE SKULL DEATHS! LET'S
GO BACK TO CARLA'S APARTMENT!

WHATEVER YOU SAY
I'M LIKE PUT -
YOUR HANDS



MY DADDY - WHAT -
WHAT HAPPEND
TO HIM?

YOU'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE,
CARLA - HE'S BEEN
ARRESTED FOR SPY
ACTIVITIES!



NOGADES ACCIDENTALLY
HALED IT - AND DIED?
DON'T KNOW THAT GAS
IS PLACED IN HERE TO
CURIOSITY SEEKERS!

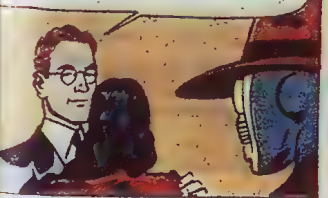
AND, THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE
GARDENER IN THE
HOT-HOUSE -



NOGADES USED THE ORCHID BY RUNNING IT UNDER
WATER - THEN, SHOW YOU WHAT IT'S SECRET WAS
- A FEW SUSPICIOUS WHEN NOGADES CALLED
IT BY ITS WRONG NAME!



HE USED TO GO WITH CARLA AND ME ALL
ALONG THE COAST - HE TOOK PICTURES - BUILT
A TOY COAST LINE AND PHOTOGRAPHED IT!
WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT THOSE TOYS?



THIS ORCHID IS IMPREGNATED WITH OSMIUM TETRABROMIDE!
AS YOU MAY KNOW, THAT DEADLY GAS IS CAPABLE
OF ROTTING AWAY FLESH AND GRISTLE OF THE
HEAD WHEN INHALED.



EXACTLY! NOGADES WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH
THE GAS - AND IT KILLED HIS WORKER! IT WAS
ONE OF THOSE EXPERIMENTAL ORCHIDS THAT HE PUT
ON GONZALES' CHEST ON HIS WAY BACK TO THIS
APARTMENT AFTER I FELL
THROUGH THE
TRAP DOOR.

BUT THE ORCHID -
WHY WAS IT
SO PRECIOUS?



HE PEELED BACK THE PETALS - AND DISCLOSED
THE COASTAL DEFENSES CLEVERLY INSERTED!

FOR THIS MILITARY SECRET HE WAS TO GET BACK THE
WEALTH HE LOST IN SPAIN! HE SOLD OUR COUNTRY'S
SECRETS - FOR GOLD! BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH
KNOWLEDGE ABOUT ORCHIDS - TO BACK UP
HIS PRETENCE!



I SAW A TOY CANNON ON THE TABLE WHEN I
FOLLOWED NOGADES TO HIS MEETING PLACE.
I COULDN'T SEE GROWN MEN PLAYING WITH IT -
SO, I THOUGHT IT HAD A MORE SERIOUS USE -
AND IT DID!



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The 1000 readers who were the first to send in their post cards telling us which feature they would like as the next complete book like "Superman" and "Batman" will obtain their FREE copy of this third issue of "ALL-STAR COMICS" by return mail before November 20th.

If you sent in a card and did not receive a free copy before November 20th, it means that your entry did not reach us among the first 1000!

As this issue goes to press, we have already received over 7000 cards from our readers, and we wish to thank each and every one of you for your co-operation! See this issue of "ALL-STAR COMICS" for a further announcement of the next complete book like "Superman" and "Batman" which we are going to issue shortly!

The Editors, ALL STAR COMICS

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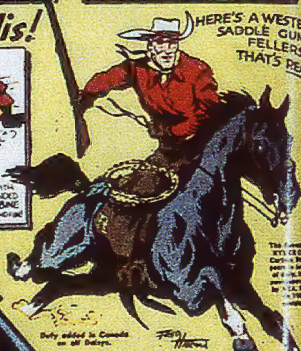
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